

Like Madnesse is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraued;
Who dyes, that beares not one spume to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
to shew their loues, each single out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a loose straine or two to the
Hoboyes, and cease.*

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vnto't, and luster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose your selues.

All La. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Flautus.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Jewels yet?

Tim. There is no crossing him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be croft then, and he could:
Tis pittie Bounty had not eyes behinde,

That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horses.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke you, my good L.
I must intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this fewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flautus.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be provided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Foure Milke-white Horses, trapt in Silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.
How now? What newes?

3. Ser. Please you my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucullus, entre ats your companie to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to provide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises flye so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord.

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits,
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thanks
I will receyue it.

3 Lord. O he's the very foule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I rod on, Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

1 L. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that,
Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I weigh
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your seuerall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinks, I could deale Kingdome to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. Alcibiades,
Thou art a Soldier, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong' st the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I, deuil'd Land, my Lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinitely ender'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1 Lord. The best of Happiness, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, seruing of beκες, and jutting
out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinks false hearts, should neuer haue sound legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtises.

Tim. Now Apermantus (if thou wert not fullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing: for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou
wouldst sune the faster. Thou giu'st so long Timon (I
feare me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I
am sworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come
with better Musicks. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt
not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it fine and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, steale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it Timon, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horse, and buy twenty more
Better then he; why giue my Horse to Timon.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it foles me straight
And able Horses: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still inuites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis hoa,
Caphis I say.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haft you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Monyes, be not ceast

With slight deniall; nor then silene'd, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vses cry to me; I must serue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
Tim. How goes the world, th
How goes the world, th
With clamorous deman
And the detention of lo
Against my Honor?
Stew. Please you Ge
The time is vnagreeable
Your importunacie ceas
That I may make his Lo
Wherefore you are not
Tim. Do so my Frie
Stew. Pray draw nee

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir?

Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his flow of Riot. Takes no account
How things go from him, nor resume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be so vnwise, to be so kinde.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye.

Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen Varro: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Cap. Would we were
Var. I feare it,
Cap. Heere comes th

Enter Timon.

Tim. So soone as di
My Alcibiades. With m
Cap. My Lord, heere
Tim. Dues? whence
Cap. Of Athens heere
Tim. Go to my Stew
Cap. Please it your L
To the succession of new
My Master is awak'd by
To call vpon his owne,
That with your other N
In giuing him his right.
Tim. Mine honest F
I prythee but repaire to
Cap. Nay, good my L
Tim. Containe thy f
Var. One Varroes ser
Isid. From Isidore, he
ment.

Cap. If you did know
Var. 'Twas due on f
and past.

Isi. Your Steward pu
Am sent expressely to yo
Tim. Giue me breath
I do beseech you good
Ile waite vpon you inst
How goes the world, th
With clamorous deman
And the detention of lo
Against my Honor?
Stew. Please you Ge
The time is vnagreeable
Your importunacie ceas
That I may make his Lo
Wherefore you are not
Tim. Do so my Frie
Stew. Pray draw nee

Cap. Stay, stay, her
us, let's ha some sport w
Var. Hang him, hee'
Isid. A plague vpon
Var. How dost Foole
Ape. Dost Dialogue
Var. I speake not to
Ape. No 'tis to thy s
Isi. There's the Foole
Ape. No thou stand'
Cap. Where's the Fo
Ape. He last ask'd th
Vsurers men, Bauds bet
Al. What are we A
Ape. Askes.
Al. Why?
Ape. That you ask
your selues. Speake to
Foole. How do you
Al. Gramercies go
How does your Mistris